Service and the control of the contr

subject ever been mentioned by one to the other. The money was divided exactly between them, and Anne gave no explanations even to her mos' intimate friends. Whether it was Ross who shared with her, or she with Rose, nolvody knew. The news stole out, and for a little while everybody celebrated Ross to the echo; but then another whisper got abroad, and no one knew what to think. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Mountford's two daughters divided everything he left behind. The only indication Anne ever received that the facts of the case had oozed out beyond the circle of the family, was in the following strange letter, which she received some time after, when her approaching marriage to Heathcoie Mountford, of Mount, was made known:

'You will be surprised to receive a letter from me. Perhaps it is an impertinence on my part to write. But I will never forget the past, though I may take it for granted that you have done so. Your father's letter, which I hear was read on your sister's birth-day, will explain many things to you and, perhaps, myself ameng the many. I do not pretend that I was aware of it, but I may say that I divined it; and divining it, what but one thing in the face of all misconstructions, remained for me to do? Perhaps you will understand me and do me a little justice now. Pardon me, at least, for having troubled even so small a portion of your life. I try to rejoice that it has been but a small portion. In mine you stand where you always did. The altar may be veiled and the worshipper say his litanies unleard. He is a nonjuror, and his rites are licensed by no authority, civil or sacred; nor can he sing mass for any new king. Yet in darkness and silence and humiliation, for your welfare, happiness and prosperity does ever pray—C. D.'

Anne was moved by this letter more than it deserved, and wondered if, perhaps—I But it did not shake her happiness as, possibly, it was intended to do.

And then followed one of the most remarkable events in this story. Rose, who had always been

served, and wondered if, perhaps—? But it did not shake her happiness as, possibly, it was intended to do.

And then followed one of the most remarkable events in this story. Rose, who had always been more or less, worldly-minded, and who would never have hesitated to say that to better yourself was the most legitimate object in life—Rose—no longer a great heiress, but a little person with a very good fortune, and quite capable of making what she, herself, would have called a good marriage—Rose married Willie Ashley, to the astonishment and consternation of everybody. Mrs. Mountford, though she lives with them and is on the whole fonds of her son-in-law, has not even yet got over her surprise. And as for the old Rector, it did more than surprise, it bewildered him. A shade of alarm comes over his countenance still, when he speaks of it. 'I had nothing to do with it,' be is always ready to say. With the Curate the feeling is still deeper and more sombre. In the depths of his heart he cannot forgive his brother. That Rose should have been the one to appreciate modest merit and give it its reward, Rose and not her sister—seems like blasphemy to Charley. Nevertheless, there are hopes that Lucy Woodhead, who is growing up a very nice girl, and prettier than her sister, may induce even the faithful Curate to change the current of his thoughts and ways.

[THE END.]

[THE END.]

SOPHIE PEROWSKAJA.

Joaquin Miller in The Californian.

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden, gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch, and waited morn:
And peasants say that where she slept
The new moon dipt her horn.
Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
Stretched tow'rd the great north pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolls as dark rivers roll.
While never once for all these woes
Upspeaks one human son!.
She toiled: she taught the

Upspeaks one human soul.

She toiled; she taught the peasant, taught
The dark-eyed Tartar. He.
Inspired with her lofty thought,
Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
A man! God-like and free.
Yet e'er before him yawns the black
Siberian mines! And oh,
The knout upon the bare white back!
The blood upon the snow!
The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
Fight o'er the fallen so!

The storm burst forth! From out that storm
The clean, red lightning leapt,
And lo, a prostrate royal form!
Like any blood, his crept
Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
And Alexander slept!
Yea, one lies dead—for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For one long damning line of red:
While exiles endless go—
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down, and dying so!
And did a woman do this deed!

And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high.
That all may on her forebead read.
Her martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! From out the black hood shines.
A light few look upon!?
Poor exiles, see! from dark, deep mines,
Your star at burst of dawn!....
A thud! A creak of hangman's lines.
A frail shape jerked and drawn!

The Czar is dead; the woman dead, About her neck a cord. In God's house rests his royal head— Hers in a place abhorred; Yet I had rather have her bed Than thine, most royal lord! Yea, rather be that woman dead,

Than this new living Czar.
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar—
While, like the dead, still end'ess tread
Sad exiles tow'rd their star.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON NIHILISM.

From his Address at Harvard.

Nihilism is the righteous and honorable resistance of a people crushed under an iron rule. Nihilism is evidence of life. When "order reigns in Warsaw," it is spiritual death. Nihilism is the last weapon of victims choked and manacled beyond all other resistance. It is crushed humanity's only means of making the oppressor tremble. God means that unjust power shall be insecure: and every move of the giant, prostrate in chains, whether it be to lift a single dagger or stir a city's revolt, is a lesson in justice. One might well tremble for the future of the race if such a despotism could exist without provoking the bloodiest resistance.

I honor Nihilism; since it redeems human nature from the suspicion of being utterly vile, made up only of heartless oppressors and contented slaves. Every line in our history, every interest of civilization, bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebelious. We cannot but pity the suffering of any human being, however richly deserved; but such pity must not confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains. Chatham rejoiced when our fathers rebelied. For every single reason they alleged, Russia counts a hundred, each one ten times bitterer than any Haneock or Anams could give. Sam Johnson's standing toast in Oxford port was "Success to the first insurrection of slaves in Jamaica," a sentiment Southey echoed. "Eschew cant," said that old moralist. But of all the cauts that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of piety may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian Nihilism is the mos' o's gusting. gusting.

HOW SPURGEON PREACHES.

In the vast throng, the eye soon recognizes the central figure of the whole. If he were not there, the pastor of this immense flock, one might speculate, ignorant of his absence, is not that perhaps he, or the other? But, being there, no doubt can exist. The one figure comes out to which all the others are a setting—a full pallid face, with thick iron-grey hair and a frange of dark beard. As the clock overhead shows the half-hour, the pastor comes forward, and at once the confused sound ceases—the shuffling of feet, the fron-fron of dresses, the norvous cough that runs over the area like the rattle of file-firing, and a profound stillness greets the first words of prayer. The voice is worn with much service, even husky in the higher notes, but admirably managed and modulated so as to reach every corner of the wide arens. We feel at once that we are in the presence of a born orator. Without book or scrap of note, there is, from the first, a confident easy flow of well-chosen words. Some distinguished orators put you into a cold perspiration till they have fairly warmed to their work, but with Mr. Spurgeon all is ease and self-conscious power which inspire confidence in the listener. It is part of the preacher's system not to spare himself in any way, but to give the waole service the emphasis of his own unaided powers. His reading of Scripture is accompa. icd by a running commentary that is a kind of preliminary sermon, and he gives out each verse of the hymn with appropriate feeling and action. There is no organ, and it excites a certain feeling of disparity of means to end when an elderly precentor leans forward from the tribune and sounds a tuning-fork to lead off the psalmody—the assemblage is so big and the tuning-fork so small. But the singing itself is disappointing. There is not that grand outpeuring one might expect from such an assemblage.

A great deal of the charm of Mr. Spurgeon's discourse—and there is a powerful charm about it, causing time to flow on unperceived and the risk of losing a train to

HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKETS PLENTY OF FISH-POULTRY HIGHER IN PRICE-VEGETABLES AND FRUIT-FEW PEACHES IN

visions and produce plentiful, though the prices of beef and other meats are still high. Gaudy bouquets of flowers in crumpled bunches are the only suggestion of the country, where so large a portion of New-York has gone for country fare, oblivious to the fact that the summer hotels are still supplied by the same markets that furnish the city tables.

Fish is abundant, though the large demands of the watering-places keep up the prices. The catch during the week on the Long Island and New-Jersey shores was poor, and most of the fish in market are supplied from the Massachusetts coast. Lobsters are still scarce, and but a few pompano have been sent to this market. Cod is 8 cents a pound; had-dock, 8 cents; white halibut, 18 cents, and bass from 20 to 25 cents; dressed cels are 18 cents; lobsters, 1212 cents; fresh salmon, 45 cents; and flounders, 8 cents. Blackfish is 1232 cents; fresh mackerel, from 15 to 20 cents; Spanish mackerel, 18 cents; and pompano, 75 cents. Butterfish is 10 cents; weakfish, 10 cents; kingfish, 25 cents; sheepshead, 25 cents; bluefish, 10 cents; and sturgeon, 10 cents. Wild brook trout is 50 cents a pound; green turtle is 16 cents. Large hard clams are 75 cents a hundred opened. Little Neck clams are 50 cents. Hard crabs are \$3 a hundred, and soft crabs 75 cents to \$2 a dozen.

Meats are about the same as last quoted. Prime ribs of beef are 22 cents a pound. Sirloin roasts are 26 cents; cross-rib roast, 14 cents; and chuck roast, 16 to 18 cents. Sirloin steak is 24 cents; porterhouse, 25 to 28 cents; round, 18 cents; and top of the sirloin, 14 cents. Corned rump is 16 cents; brisket, 12 cents; plate, 10 cents. Beef hearts are 25 cents apiece, and liver is 8 cents a pound. Shanks

of beef are 85 cents apiece,
Poultry has advanced a little, and must continue high until game can be sold. State spring chickens are 23 to 25 cents a pound, and Philadelphia chick-cus 24 to 26 cents. State fowls are 16 to 18 cents, and Philadelphia fowls are 20 cents. Green geese are 20 cents; Boston green geese, 25 cents; and spring ducks, 25 cents. Fresh-killed turkeys are 20 cents, and frozen turkeys, 28 cents. Tame pigeons are \$2 50 a dozen; tame squabs, \$3; and wild pigeons, \$2 50. Plover and English snipe are \$3 50 a dozen. Blackbirds are 50 cents. Frog's legs are 40 cents a pound. Long Island hen's eggs are eleven

for 25 cents; State eggs, thirteen for 25 cents. The cool weather has kept the vegetables from wilting, and the stands present a fresh, cleanly appearance. String beans are 15 cents a half peck; butter beans are 15 cents; peas are 25 cents a peck; and corn is 20 cents a dozen. Summer s quashes are 5 cents apiece; Boston marrow squash, 15 to 20 cents; egg plants, 15 to 25 cents; cauliflower, 20 to 25 cents; egg piants, 15 to 25 cents; cauliflower, 20 to 25 cents a head; cabbage, 8 to 10 cents. Beets are 4 cents a bunch; white turnips, 7 cents, and rutabaga turnips, 15 cents a half-peck. Tomatoes are 15 cents a quart; endive or chiccory is 5 cents a bunch; lettuce, 5 cents; and watercresses, 5 cents. Cucumbers are 2 cents apiece. Green and red pepper are each 2 cents, nasturtiums are 25 cents a quart. Potatoes are 35 cents a peck; sweet potatoes 60 cents a half peck. Okras are 50 cents a hundred; Spanish onions are 10 cents a pound. Watermelons from Delaware are from 30 to 50 cents each, and muskmelons are from 5 to 10

Raspherries are growing scarce. The supply of the Hudson River valley has proved a partial failure. Red raspberries are 5 cents a pint, red currants 10 cents a quart, black currants 10 cents, blackberries 1212 to 15 cents, huckleberries 10 to 15 cents, ripe gooseberries 10 cents, damson plums 10 cents, apricots from 20 to 50 cents a quart. Tart apples for stewing are 20 cents a haif peck; table apples 25 cents; green pears are 40 cents. Hungarian prones and red peach plums from California are 40 cents a dozen; red goose plums 10 cents a quart. Bartlett pears are 25 cents a quart and ripe Seckle pears are 15 cents. California peaches are from 75 cents to \$1 50 a dozen. There are a few peaches in market from the South, but they are small and poor. White Muscat and Black Hamburg grapes are 75 cents to \$1 50 a pound.

MENU.
Clear Soup.
Soft Crabs, fried.
Roast Chicken, Potatoes a la creme, Egg-Plant, fried,
Beets,
Tomatoes au Gratin.
Salad—Lettuce and Nasturtium.
Cheese Wafers.
Coffee Cream.
Blackberries and Kaspberries.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES. TOMATOES AU GRATIN.-Cut half a dozen tomatoes in halves, and fill the inside with a mixture of bread crumbs, grated Parmesau cheese, pepper and sait, in due proportions; place a small piece of but-ter on each half tomato, and lay them clese together in a well-buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half an hour and serve.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—Simmer the blackberries till they break, strain, and to each piut of juice put a pound of white sugar, one-half ounce cinnamon, one-quarter ounce mace, two teaspoonfuls cloves. Boil fitteen minutes, and when cool add a little brandy, though the brandy is not an essential.

LEMON BUTTER FOR TARTS .- Lemon butter is excellent for tarts. It is made as follows: One pound pulverized white sugar, whites of six eggs and yolks of two, three lemons, including grated rind and inice. Cook twenty minutes over a slow fire, stirring all the while.

WHEAT MUFFINS .- One teaspoonful melted butter, one egg, one and a half cups flour, one leaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoon soda, half cup sweet milk. Bake quickly in muffin pans.

RICE MUFFINS,-Boil soft and dry one-half cur rice, stir in three spoonfuls sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, and a little salt, one pint of sweet milk, one cup yeast, two quarts flour. Let it rise all night. If sour in the morning, add a little soda dissolved in milk, and bake in muttin rings.

BAKED SPONGE PUDDING .- Three eggs, their weight each in butter, sugar and flour, beat the eggs very light, and the butter beaten to a cream, and sugar and flour; this will make four large cups; fill them half full, and bake in a moderate oven ten minutes. Wine sauce.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.-Two cups sugar, one cap but ter, three and one-half caps flour, five eggs, one teaspoon cream tartar, half teaspoon soda; leave out the whites of two eggs for the frosting. Make this of the whites with one and one half cups sugar, and six large spoonfuls grated chocolate. Spread it on while the cake is hot.

DELICIOUS CUCUMBER PRESERVES .- Gather your cucumbers, about the length of your middle finger, and lay in strong brine one week; wash and soak them a day and night in fair water, changing this four times. Wipe, and with a small knife slit them down one side; dig out the seeds, stuff with a mixture of chopped raisins and citron, sew up the slit with a fine thread; weigh them and the slit with a fine thread; weigh them and make a syrup, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of cucumber, and one pint of water. Heat to a boil, skim, and drop in the fruit; simmer half an hour; take out and spread upon a dish in the sun, while you boil down the syrup with a few slices of ginger root added. When thick put in the cucumbers again, simmer five minutes, and put up in glass jars, tying them up when cold.

CONSTABLE THE PAINTER,

From Leisure Hour.

A characteristic anecdote of Constable is told by a gentleman whose father sat to that artist; "My father, who was something of an invalid in 1829, found himself scated (in the picture) on a bank under a tree, with his hat by hisside, during a sharp shower, and rallied Mr Constable about the background. 'Anybody,' Constable answered, 'could paint your portrait, Mr. Lee; no one but myself could paint your portrait, Mr. Lee; no one but myself could paint that sky, and the picture will prove of value when there is no one living who has known you.'" It is questionable, however, whether the exhibition of such a spirit would generally prove profitable in bringing "grist to the mill." But Constable's nature was generally very unlike this. He was quite capable, however, of smart repartee, "How did you like my sermon this morning?" asked Archdeacon Fisher of Constable. "Very much indeed, Fisher," replied the artist; "I always did like that sermon!" This was said to one whom he knew full well would take no offence; they were close friends.

The amiable but eccentric Blake was one day looking through a sketch book of Constable's, when he came across a fine stretch of fir trees on Hampstead Heath. "Why, this is not drawing," said

CARMEN CULINARIUM.

Prom Punch.

Lady mine, since you are rich in Charming culinary lore,
Let me enter, too, the kitchen,
Where I never was before.
Teach me arts of frying, boiling,
How to make the Pot-au-feu;
I shall be contented toiling—
There with you.

Teach me to dress dainty dishes,
Soups, and curries with their rice,
How you crisp those little fishes
Known as whitebait in a trice,
You make omelets that would lure a
Hermit into wild excess,
You're a neat hand at a Purce,
All confess.

Men may come, and also men go
As the Laureate has told,
But with fowl a la Marengo,
Will affection ne'er wax cold.
Slices of a Severn Salmon,
Well may serve to fan the flame;
Sweetbreads of the tender lamb on
Sauce saprême!

Better far than arts æsthetic,
Crewel-work and peacock fans,
Are these studies dietetic,
Carried on mid pots and pans.
This is woman's trae position,
In the kitchen's inmost nook,
And a lady's noblest mission
Is to cook.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS MOTHER

Prom Good Words.

It was in the spring of 1758 that the daughter of

From Good Words.

It was in the spring of 1758 that the daughter of a distinguished professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh changed her maiden name of Rutherford for her married name of Scott, having the happiness to unite her lot with one who was not only a scrupalicusly honorable man, but who, from his youth up, had led a singularly blameless life. Of her father it is told that, when in practice as a physician, he never gave a prescription without silently invoking on it the blessing of heaven, and the piety which dictated the custom had been inherited by his daughter. Her education also had been an excellent one—giving, besides a good general grounding, an acquaintance with literature, and not neglecting "the more homely duties of the needle and the accompt-book." Her manners, moreover (an important and too often neglected factor in a mother's influence over her children, were finished and elegrant, though intolerably stiff in some tespects when compared with the manners and habits of to-day. The maidens of 1881 can hardly realize, for instance, the asperity of the training of their embryo great-grandmothers, who were always made to sil in so Spartanily apright a posture that Mrs. Scott, in her seventy-minth year, boasted that she had never allowed her shoulders to touch the back of her chair!

As young Walter was one of many children he could not of course monopolize his mother's attention; but probably she recognized the promise of his future greatness lunlike the mother of the Duke of Wellington, who thought Arthur the family dunce), and gave him a special care; for, speaking of his early boyhood, he tells us: "I found much consolation in the partiality of my mother." Like the mothers of the Ettrick Shepherd and of Burns, she repeated to her son the traditionary taliads she knew by heart; and, so soon as he was sufficiently advanced, his leisure hours were usually spent in reading Popes translation of Honer aloud to her, which, sith the exception of a few ballads and some of Allan Ramsay's so

scientious care and consideration for the feelings of others.

That she smiled on his early evidences of talent, and fostered them, we may well imagine; and the tenderness with which she regarded his early compositions is indicated by the fact that a copy of verses, written in a boyish scrawl, was carefully preserved by her, and found, after her death, folded in a paper on which was inscribed, "My Walter's first times, 1782." That she gloried in his successes when they came we gather; for when speaking late

preserved by her, and found, after her death, folded in a paper on which was inscribed, "My Walter's first lines, 1782." That she gloried in his successes when they came we gather; for when speaking late in life to Dr. Davy about his brother Sir Humphry's distinction, Sir Walter, doubtless drawing on his own home memories, remarked: "I hope, Dr. Davy, that your mother lived to see it; there must have been great pleasure in that to her." But with whatever zeal Mrs. Scott may have unfolded Sir Walter's mind by her training, by her praise, by her motherly enthusasm, it is certain that, from first to last, she loved his soul and sought its interest, in and above all. Her final present to him before she died was not a Slakespeare or a Milton, but an old Bible—the book she loved best, and for her sake Sir Walter loved it too.

Happy was Mrs. Scott in having a son who in all things reciprocated the affection of his mother. With the first live gninea fee he carned at the bar he bought a present for her—a silver taper-stand, which stood on her mantelpiece many a year; when he became enamored of Miss Carpenter he filially wrote to consult his mother about the attachment, and to beg her blessing upon [4] when in 1819, she died at an advanced age, he was in attendance at her side, and, full of occupations though he was, we find him binsying himself to obtain for her body a beautifully situated grave. And when, in due course, his executors came to search for his testament, and lifted up his desk, "we found," says one of them, "arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which hed obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks," There were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toletrable when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper-stand which the young advocate bought for her with his first fee; a row of small packets inscribed by her hand, and containing the hair of such of her children as had died before her; and m

THE " GENTLEMAN" IN ENGLAND.

From All The Year Round.

"Do you call yourself a geatleman," is the commonest and most withering form of sarcasm in use, not only among snobs, but among costermongers, coalbeavers and the like. To persons of admitted pretensions to gentility the question is frequently put, and perhaps negatively answered by the questioner when the superior person declines to recognize a false or exorbitant claim. Thus not long ago I was asked if I called myself a gentheman by a "young lady" at a railway refreshment-bar because I demurred at paying her a sovereign for not having run away with a purse that I had inadvertently left on the counter for five minutes. And two of her friends declared that I was "no gentleman," without leaving any doubt in the matter. I have been called "no gentleman" for not paying a cabman three times his fare, and for objecting to pay in furnished lodgings for articles which I had neither ordered nor consumed. A loafer in the street has sometimes picked up a glove before I could pick it up for myself, or told me that my handkerchief was hanging out of my packet. In any other country than England the commonest man paying such attentions as these would be insulted by the offer of a reward, but in this country I have been freely called "no gentleman" for not encouraging the lowest kind of what is vulgarly called "cadging." It seems, indeed, that to be a gentleman in the eyes of large classes of the community you must pay whatever may be demanded of you upon any pretext, and ask no questions.

Socially, the term "gentleman" has become almost vulgar. It is certainly less employed by gentlemen than by inferior persons. The one speaks of you upon any pretext, and ask no questions.

Socially, the term "gentleman" has become almost vulgar. It is certainly less employed by gentlemen than by inferior persons. The one speaks of your granted, in the other it seems to need specification. Again, as regards the term "lady." It is quite in accordance with the usages of society to speak of your mistake.

In Mr. Barin

In Mr. Baring-Gould's memoir there is an amusing story of how, when quite a boy, Robert Stephen. Hawker wrote what he considered an improved version of the hymn, "Lord, disunds us with Thy blessing," and presented it to his grandfather (Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth), with the remark that the original was "crude and flat," "Crude and flat," "Crude and flat," "Crude and flat," "Crude and flat, " Crude and flat, " Crude and flat, " Crude and flat, " "Crude and flat, " "Crude and flat, " " The beg pour pardon, grandfather," he exclaimed; "I did not know that. It is a very nice hymn, indeed, but—but—" and as he went out of the door, " mine is better." —[Pall Mail Gazette.